

STOLYPIN DIES OF HIS WOUND

RUSSIA'S STRONG PREMIER CUT OFF BY ASSASSIN'S BULLET.

Early Hopes Dashed by Development of Peritonitis—Wife by His Side at the End—Many Arrests in Kiev—Signs of Murder Plot—Jews Fear a Massacre.

Special Cable Despatches to THE SUN.

KIEV, Russia, Sept. 18.—Peter Arkadievich Stolypin, Prime Minister of Russia, who was shot during a gala performance at the Municipal Theatre here on Thursday night last, died at 10 o'clock this evening. It is announced that the wounded man's heart was not strong enough to withstand the effects of an internal hemorrhage with which the doctors in attendance were unable to cope.

The dying man suffered intense agony, during which he would murmur frequently, "Death! Death is creeping on." The early indications were for Premier Stolypin's recovery, but on Sunday symptoms of peritonitis appeared. The surgeons performed an operation for the removal of the bullet, which had grazed the patient's liver, but no benefit resulted. Early bulletins to-day said the condition of Premier Stolypin was worse. At 10 o'clock this morning his temperature had fallen, but his pulse was 140 and his condition was then regarded as very critical.

A bulletin issued this afternoon said: "The weakening activity of the heart has taken a threatening form. The peritoneal inflammation shows no marked change. Temperature 98.6. The general condition of the patient is serious."

Toward evening it was announced that the Premier was sinking. Five surgeons were doing their utmost, but their efforts were in vain.

M. Stolypin's wife arrived in Kiev from St. Petersburg on Sunday. She hastened to his bedside. She was with him when he died. She was called into the room at 8 o'clock to pass the last hours of his life with her husband. Gen. Trepoft, the Governor of Kiev and arch foe of the dying man, also watched by his side. Prof. Rein and the associate doctors would admit no one else.

Early in the day grape juice and ice cream were administered to the patient. At intervals a little wine and black coffee were given to him.

Traffic in the streets adjoining the hospital where the patient lay was stopped and barriers erected to keep back the crowds that awaited all day the posting of the physicians' bulletins.

Dimitry Bogrof, the assassin, talked freely to-day of his past life and furnished the authorities with valuable clues. The original conduct behavior of the prisoner has given place to despondency and he is now receiving medical treatment.

Among the versions of the circumstances leading up to the crime and which must be investigated is the assertion that Bogrof belonged to a new autonomous revolutionary group the aim of which is to assassinate individual statesmen. In the course of the questioning Bogrof declared that he held Premier Stolypin as one of the most pernicious men of the State.

Another version is that the revolutionaries plot Bogrof, who according to the police has been filling the dual rôle of revolutionary agent and police spy, in a dilemma where he had to kill Stolypin or be killed himself.

One hundred and fifty arrests of lawyers and other acquaintances of Bogrof have been made.

The Jews are departing from the city precipitously in fear of anti-Jewish riots. Cossacks with loaded rifles patrol the streets to prevent any outbreak, anti-Jewish or otherwise.

The bullet, which the doctors extracted, was of huge calibre and proved to have been purchased in Berlin. The head was deformed from striking the Vladimir cross which adorned Stolypin's breast. The cross deflected the course of the bullet and deprived it of much of its penetrating power.

PARIS, Sept. 18.—The news of the death of Premier Stolypin of Russia has caused widespread sorrow and apprehension in France, where the Russian statesman was regarded as a staunch friend of the republic. The newspapers print laudatory editorials concerning the dead Premier and his work. The fear is expressed here that on account of the assassination of M. Stolypin the Jews in Russia will suffer a curtailment of their already restricted liberties in the empire.

It is said here that the death of Premier Stolypin occurred at 11 o'clock this evening instead of 10 o'clock as announced elsewhere.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 18.—The Czar, who was at Yehernikoff, where his brother commands a regiment of cavalry, called three times to see the dying Premier.

Peter Arkadievich Stolypin has been accused of pretty nearly everything except dishonesty. He has been hated by every one. Attempts were made on his life twice before the fatal shooting at Kiev. In the last year or two, however, he has been acquiring admiration and respect if not affection not only in Russia but throughout Europe. He restored tranquility and prosperity to the country after the exhaustion of foreign war and domestic disorder of unpeackable virulence. He died leaving Russia well advanced on the road toward constitutional and even popular government.

Stolypin has been described by one of his critics as "attempting the impossible feat of reconciling absolutism and constitutionalism." Perhaps a truer description of his aim and work would be that he tried to guide his country by a path of easy gradients from the extreme of despotism to popular institutions.

He was in fact an odd combination of ultra loyalist and liberal. When he raised his hand and blessed the Czar with the sign of the cross the instant after receiving his death wound he displayed the temperamental side of his nature. Born of old Muscovite stock in a moderate position in life he was a devout adherent of the Orthodox Church, and that sort of orthodoxy carries with it a sort of devotion to the imperial throne. But Stolypin was also a man

ROBBED WHEN WITH GAYNOR.

E. B. Goodman Has Pocket Picked While Walking Home With Mayor.

E. B. Goodman, a lawyer of 29 Broadway, whose home is at Grant City, Staten Island, reported to the police last night that his pocket had been picked while he was walking home with Mayor Gaynor from the City Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Goodman said that the money taken amounted to \$8.50. It consisted of a \$5 note and three \$1 notes rolled up with a half dollar inside and stuffed into his right trousers pocket.

The Mayor with Mr. Goodman left the City Hall at about 5:30 o'clock on his walk across the bridge to his home in Eighth avenue, Brooklyn. After they had crossed the bridge and as they were turning from Washington street into Fulton street a heavily built six footer in a blue shirt, coatless and with his sleeves rolled up, who looked as if he might be a longshoreman, stepped up to the Mayor and sticking out his hand grasped the hand of the Mayor and said boastfully:

"Hello, Bill! I'm coming over to the City Hall to see you."

The Mayor shook hands with the man and started to pass on. The man clung to the Mayor's hand an instant longer and as Mayor Gaynor started stepped between the Mayor and Mr. Goodman and the latter was shoved toward the curb against two men, one of whom was leaning lazily against a pole and the other was standing by talking to him.

Then the coatless man let go of the Mayor's hand and the Mayor and Mr. Goodman continued their walk. Mr. Goodman recalled afterward that the Mayor's first sentence after the incident was that a man can be happy even in pain, for he knows he must endure it.

After leaving the Mayor Mr. Goodman started toward the subway and discovered that his money was gone. He gave the police a description of the man who had greeted the Mayor and a partial description of the two men against whom he was pushed.

FIRST AIR MAIL LETTER IN.

Graham-White Gets Mistle That Flew From London to Windsor.

BOSTON, Sept. 18.—The first letter carried by the British aerial post, arrived in the United States yesterday morning at 7:30 o'clock. The envelope was postmarked: "First United Kingdom Aerial post, Sept. 9."

Above the engraving on the left side of it is the inscription: "First U. K. Aerial-Post. By sanction of H. M. Postmaster-General. For conveyance by aeroplane from London to Windsor. No responsibility in respect of loss, damage or delay is undertaken by the Postmaster-General."

The first flying postal service was inaugurated on September 9 by the British postal authorities between the Hendon aerodrome and Windsor, about twenty miles. The letter received by Graham-White this morning was among those which were sent out on the initial trip. The first twenty miles of its journey was made in eighteen minutes. The remainder of the 3,000 odd miles it came in the ordinary way.

Through an arrangement made yesterday with Warren W. Dickinson, post office inspector in charge of the New York division, two deliveries of mail by the aerial route will be made from the Nassau Boulevard aerodrome in the meet that begins on Saturday.

Capt. Paul Beck of the United States army will be the first aviator to transport a mailbag through the air in this country. Capt. Beck will receive the mail pouch from what will be known as "Aeroplane Station 1." He will leave the field each day half an hour before the programme begins. The second delivery may be made any hour during the afternoon.

HAD TO SENTENCE THEM.

Magistrate Says Evidence Against Sunday School Boys Was Plain.

The seven boys who are members of the Rev. J. F. Scott's Sunday school class at St. George's Church in Stuyvesant Square and who were arrested for rowdiness in a subway train at Broadway and 18th street last Sunday night after a church outing in Van Cortlandt Park, will serve five day sentences on Blackwell's Island. They are John Schmidt, 15 years old, of 56 Diamond street, Brooklyn; George Messerschmidt, 17 years old, of 35 Morrison street, Brooklyn; Charles Matthews, 16 years old, of 344 Lefferts avenue, Brooklyn; David Durich, 15 years old, of 618 Second street; Bruce Robertson, 17 years old, of 127 East Fifteenth street; Frederick Bied, 17 years old, of 153 Third avenue, and William Hill, 17, of 221 East Twenty-third street.

The Rev. Mr. Scott, who assured Magistrate Krotel that the boys were of good character and that they were constant attendants at St. George's Sunday school, said yesterday that the Magistrate seemed to have no option in the matter. "It was nothing to be done," said Mr. Scott. "It was a pity that the boys had to go to jail because I am confident they were guilty of nothing except exuberant spirits. But an appeal would have done no good. We will simply forget all about the matter when they are released, which will be next Saturday morning."

Magistrate Krotel said yesterday that he was sorry he had to sentence the boys, but that the evidence was plain against them and that he had to follow the only course open to him.

JAIL FOR ALIMONY.

Mrs. Alexandre Says It's the Only Way With a Bankrupt Husband.

Mrs. Sidney Alexandre, who got a divorce last year from Francis V. Alexandre, son of the founder of the Alexandre Steamship Line, obtained an order from Supreme Court Justice Gavegan yesterday directing her husband to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt for failure to pay \$400 alimony at \$150 a month. Alexandre, who has married again, filed a petition in bankruptcy a month ago. Mrs. Alexandre says it would be ineffective to ask her husband to put up a bond, because he would plead his bankruptcy, and believes that the only way she can get her money is to have Alexandre put in jail if he doesn't pay.

FREE TO PROVE HE'S KIMMEL

MAN WHOM MOTHER DENIES OUT OF AUBURN PRISON.

Go to His Old Home to Show That He's Not Dead and Hopes to Climb the Ladder That Saved the New York Life From Paying His \$25,000 Insurance.

AUBURN, N. Y., Sept. 18.—George A. Kimmel, alias J. W. Hoemer, alias A. J. White, alias J. W. Watson, the convict whose story of lost identity and subsequent confession that he is George A. Kimmel, a missing bank clerk formerly of Niles, Mich., and Arkansas City, prevented payment of \$25,000 life insurance by the New York Life Insurance Company, stepped from Auburn prison to-day a free man after serving five years for forgery.

"My mother, Mrs. Stella Kimmel, and my sister, Edna Kimmel Bonsett, have said that I am a faker," he said to-day. "Well, I am going home to Niles, a small town of 5,000, and if I am a faker my old friends who knew me fifteen years ago will say so."

Kimmel said that his mother and sister were hostile to him because the sister was the beneficiary of one policy of \$30,000 and had received loans on another policy of \$5,000 which the trustees of the bank held. He explained his disappearance by saying:

"Up to 1886 my mother, Edna and I were, like Dumas's three guardsmen, back to back, facing the world in all directions. My sister wanted me to do something for her and I took out a policy for \$5,000 in the New York Life. I already had one for \$3,000 in favor of my mother in the Northwest Mutual. But they go ahead a few days later and get out another one on me for \$20,000 in the New York Life. I was earning about \$1,600 a year and they expected me to pay about \$800 a year premiums. Then my uncle, Charles H. Johnson, president of the Farmers State Bank of Arkansas City, Kan., of which I was cashier, became involved in the disappearance of \$100,000 bonds belonging to the Pacific Express Company of Omaha, and I had some letters and papers that interested him."

"That was in February and March, 1886, and in July, or to be exact on July 28, they called me to the Midland Hotel, Kansas City, Mo. There I smoked a cigar, was made deathly sick, drank some whiskey R. M. Snyder gave me and became unconscious. When I came to I was a prisoner in a house in Oliver street, St. Louis, a distant city. They tried to keep me by taking my clothes, but I finally escaped, but they beat me up badly."

"They examined my skull and neck for yourself and saw what those secondaries did," said Kimmel, displaying a very uneven skull, which he said had been fractured by his assaults. "My uncle, Charles H. Johnson, R. M. Snyder, who died under indictment, and a man named Marsell, former cashier of the Highland National Bank, now serving a term in San Quentin prison, can tell exactly how I got these scars."

"Did the papers and letters you had embarrass your uncle in the Pacific Express robbery?" was asked.

"I should say so. I rather think they would have embarrassed him very much. There is a whole lot of back of that has never come out, but it may come out now," he said significantly.

He has served several terms in Albany and Erie county penitentiaries, at Matteawan, Gowanda and Auburn. Fellow convicts believe him a colossal faker. He will be carefully scrutinized on his arrival in Niles to-morrow.

James H. McIntosh, general counsel of the New York Life Insurance Company, said yesterday that White could not undoubtedly be able to prove that he is Kimmel, now that he is free. Mr. McIntosh believes there will be no further attempt to collect the \$25,000 insurance. The company lost when the suit brought by the First National Bank of Niles was first tried. When the case was reheard by United States Circuit Court Judge Van Valkenburgh in October, 1910, new evidence having been found by the New York Life, there was such a muddle that a mistrial was declared. Mr. McIntosh says the jury stood seven to five for the insurance company.

Mr. McIntosh told yesterday of an incident in Auburn prison that finally convinced him that White was really Kimmel. "A year ago last April," said the lawyer, "I asked Kimmel's cousin, Mrs. Fox of Niles, Mich., to go to Auburn and see if she knew the man who professed to be Kimmel. They had grown up together in Niles and I thought that she ought to be able to settle the question if anybody could."

"I had never seen Mrs. Fox until she arrived in Auburn with her husband. I introduced Chaplain Herriek of the prison to the couple in his office, but to the chaplain I said, 'I am not going to tell you who these persons are, for if Kimmel recognizes them he must do it unassisted.'"

"Mrs. Fox," continued Mr. McIntosh, "was wearing a black veil which I asked her not to take off. I sat near the middle of the chaplain's office and Mrs. Fox sat almost behind the door which Kimmel would open when he came in."

"Kimmel was sent for without being told who wished to see him. As he entered the office he saw me at once and was starting to speak to me—I had called on him several times before—when he caught sight of Mrs. Fox. He rushed to her and kissed her as if she were a sister risen from the dead. He took both of her hands and kissed them again, half a dozen times, and she kissed him. Then Kimmel drew down and buried his face in his hands. The scene was so affecting that I walked to the window and stayed there until I was able to say:

"George, these people know that you really haven't done any wrong, that you were beaten so that your mind was impaired."

"But Kimmel said, 'I can't do or say anything more. Mr. Chaplain, let me go back to my cell.'"

MAINE OFFICIALLY WET BY 20.

Governor and Council Canvass Vote and Find That Repealers Win.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 18.—Gov. Plaisted and the Council to-night completed the canvass of the vote cast last Monday on the question of repealing the provision of the State Constitution and found that the wets or repealers had a majority of 20.

Gov. Plaisted has not indicated as yet whether he will call a special session of the Legislature to enact a license law, but it is expected that such action will be taken and that early next month Maine will have a law regulating the sale of liquor.

CALLS AMERICAN MEN BOORS.

Ex-Gov. Sprague's Granddaughter Finds Nothing Worth While Out of Paris.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 18.—William Sprague, Rhode Island's war Governor, Mrs. Sprague, his granddaughter, Mrs. Inez Sprague Stines, and the latter's two-year-old daughter, Avie, have arrived at Narragansett Pier from Paris. They expect to stay until October. The party has been living in Paris for two years, during which time ex-Gov. Sprague has had a long illness.

Mrs. Stines got a divorce in the French courts three weeks ago. Her husband, Henry William Stines, son of ex-Chief Justice John H. Stines of this city, offered no defense to her suit.

Mrs. Stines isn't pleased with America or the men here. "No doubt there are gentlemen in America. This I won't deny," she said, "but I will say that the men I have met here know nothing of the way to treat a woman as I feel a woman should be treated. They are coarse in their actions—bores, one might say. They do not know how to give heart to heart talks as they make love."

"Yes, I have seen how a thorough gentleman makes love—I went to a French convent, you know, and I had many friends over there before returning to America and becoming the wife of Mr. Stines."

"New York is not attractive to me. It is only a way station on my trips to Paris. I will see it again soon; but that will, I hope, be the last time. Then I will go to my friends."

"If you met an American, cultured, handsome, a man of ability, a man who knew how to act in the presence of ladies, would you entertain thoughts of becoming his wife?" she was asked.

"Yes, I would. I would entertain the thoughts, but I doubt if such a man could be found," Mrs. Stines answered.

HUNTER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

He Had a Deer on His Back and an Amateur Fired at Him at a Range of 40 Feet.

UTICA, Sept. 18.—Shot at by an amateur hunter armed with a powerful magazine rifle and less than forty feet distant, Adolphus Seymour of Tupper Lake in the Adirondacks was congratulating himself to-day that he was alive to tell the story. The deer hunting season in the Adirondacks opened Saturday and yesterday Seymour went over on Mount Morris in quest of game. Early in the afternoon he shot a fine deer, threw the animal over his shoulder and started for home. The weight of the deer made it necessary for Seymour to be very cautious about his footing and he kept his eyes on the ground as he walked, careful not to make a misstep. Suddenly he heard the click of a rifle and looking up saw a shining gun barrel pointed directly at him. Almost instantly there was a flash and a report. Somewhere above Seymour's head the bullet of the Adirondacks opened Saturday and yesterday Seymour went over on Mount Morris in quest of game. 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